



11763 pp. 57

T I T U S
ANDRONICUS.

Schubert (11)

Dramatis Personæ.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declar'd Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus, in Love with Lavinia.*

Titus Andronicus, *a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

Marcus;

Quintus,

Lucius,

Mucius,

} *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

Alarbus,

Chiron,

Demetrius,

} *Sons to Tamora.*

Aaron, *a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.*

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Rome, and the Country near it.*



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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. ROME.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate:
Enter Saturninus and his followers at one door, and Bassianus and his followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

SATURNINUS.



OBLE Patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms.
And countrymen and loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am the first-born son of him that last
Wore the imperial diadem of Rome:

Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right;
If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility.
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.*

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the crown.

*Mar. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery!
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, sur-named Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.*

A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within our city walls.
 He by the Senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barbarous *Goths*,
 That with his sons (a terror to our foes)
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook
 This cause of *Rome*, and chastis'd with arms
 Our enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field.
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
 Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in arms.
 Let us intreat, by honour of his name,
 Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and Senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suiters should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks, to calm my thoughts.

Bas. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie
 In thy uprightness and integrity;
 And so I love and honour thee and thine;
 Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his sons,
 And her (to whom our thoughts are humbled all)
 Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome's* rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit my self, my person, and the cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
 As I am confident and kind to thee.
 Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-house.*]

Enter

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of virtue, *Rome's* best champion,
Successful in the battels that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of *Rome*.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mucius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Loe, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to *Rome*.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
These that survive, let *Rome* reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors.
Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my sword:
Titus unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of *Styx*?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[They open the tomb.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars:
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,

How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the *Goths*,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes Fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones:
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
To beautifie thy triumphs, and return
Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yolk?
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for King and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these;
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice noble *Titus*, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient your self, madam, and pardon me,
These are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice;
To this your son is markt, and die he must
T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire strait.
And with our swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's hue his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius
with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

Dem.

Dem. Oppose me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*.
Alarbus go to rest, and we survive
 To tremble under *Titus*' threatening looks.
 Then, madam, stand resolv'd, but hope withal,
 The self-same Gods that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*
 With opportunity of sharp revenge
 Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in his tent,
 May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,
 (When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
 To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
 Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt,
 And intrails feed the sacrificing fire,
 Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
 Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
 And with loud larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
 Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*

In peace and honours rest you here, my sons,
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
 Secure from worldly changes and mishaps:
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
 Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord *Titus* long,
 My noble lord and father, live in fame!
 Lo at this tomb my tributary tears
 I render, for my brethrens obsequies:
 And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
 Shed on the earth, for thy return to *Rome*.
 O bless me here with thy victorious hand,
 Whose fortune *Rome*'s best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
 The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!
Lavinia, live, out-live thy father's days;
 And fame's eternal date for virtue's praise.

Mar. Long live lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome*.

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome nephews from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame :
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords.
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp
That hath aspir'd to *Solon's* happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased Emperor's sons :
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless *Rome*.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness :
What should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
Be chose with proclamations to-day,
'To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to controul the world.
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. *Titus*, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell ?

Tit. Patience, prince *Saturninus*.

Sat. *Romans*, do me right.

Patricians draw your swords, and sheath them not
'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome's* Emperor.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.

Tit. Content thee prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Mar. To gratify the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
Lord *Saturnine*; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan's* rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, long live our Emperor.

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome's* great Emperor;
And say, long live our Emperor *Saturnine*.

[*A long flourish 'till they come down.*]

Sat. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, *Titus*, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred *Pantheon* her espouse:
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
And here in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,

King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy *Rome's* imperial lord.
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks noble *Titus*, father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall regard; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor,
To him that for your honour and your state
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue [*To Tamora.*
That I would chuse, were I to chuse a-new:
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome*:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesie.

Sat. Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*. *Romans* let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free,
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord *Titus*, by your leave this maid is mine.

[*Seizing Lavinia.*

Tit. How, Sir? are you in earnest then, my Lord?

Bas. Ay, noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,
To do my self this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our *Roman* justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Bas.

Baf. By him that juſtly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

Exit Baſſianus with Lavinia.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my ſword I'll keep this door ſecure.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll ſoon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you paſs not here.

Tit. What villain, boy,

Barr'ſt me my way in *Rome*?

[*He kills him.*]

Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help.

Luc. My lord, you are unjuſt, and more than ſo,
In wrongful quarrel you have ſlain your ſon.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any ſons of mine.

My ſons would never ſo diſhonour me.

Traitor, reſtore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtock;
I'll truſt by leiſure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty ſons,
Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.

Was there none elſe in *Rome* to make a ſtate of
But *Saturnine*? full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree theſe deeds, with that proud brag of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monſtrous! what reproachful words are theſe?

Bat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece,
To him that flouriſh'd for her with his ſword;
A valiant ſon-in-law thou ſhalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawleſs ſons,
To ruſſle in the commonwealth of *Rome*.

Tit. Theſe words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora* Queen of *Goths*,
That, like the ſtately *Phœbe* 'mong her nymphs,
Doſt over-ſhine the gallant'ſt dames of *Rome*,
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſudden choice,
Behold I chuſe thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
And will create thee Empererſs of *Rome*.

Speak, Queen of *Goths*, doſt thou applaud my choice?

And here I ſwear by all the *Roman* Gods, (Sith

(Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stands,)

I will not re-salute the streets of *Rome*,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in sight of heav'n to *Rome* I swear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth,

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, *Pantheon*; lords accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousal rites. [Exeunt.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. Oh *Titus* see, oh see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no: no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,
'That hath dishonoured all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons.

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes,
Give *Mutius* burial with our bretheren.

Tit. Traitors away, he rests not in this tomb;
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and *Rome's* servitors
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you,
My nephew *Mutius'* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

[*Titus's sons speak.*

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? what villain was it spake that word?

[*Titus's son speaks.*

Quin.

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No, noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, ev'n thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more but get you gone.

Luc. He is not himself, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, 'till *Mutius*' bones be buried.

[*The brother and the sons kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul.

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour, and *Lavinia*'s cause.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous
The *Greeks* upon advice did bury *Ajax*
That slew himself; and wife *Laerte*'s son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, *Marcus*, rise ———

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in *Rome* :
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*]

Luc. There lye thy bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy friends,
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

[*They all kneel, and say,*]

No man shed tears for noble *Mutius* ;
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My Lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle *Queen of Goths*
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in *Rome* ?

Tit. I know not, *Marcus* ; but I know it is :
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell :

Is she not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn so far ?

*Flourish. Enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and
Demetrius with the Moor at one door. At the other
door Bassianus and Lavinia with others.*

Sat. So, *Bassianus*, you have plaid your prize,
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my Lord ; I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traytor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife ?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all,
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir ; you are very short with us,
But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life ;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,
'This noble Gentleman, lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
'That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
'To be controul'd in that he frankly gave ;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,
'That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus*, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me :
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How have I lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
'Then hear me speak, indifferently for all ;
And at my suit (sweet) pardon what is past.

Sat. What, Madam, be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam.

Tam. Not so, my lord; the Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,
 I should be author to dishonour you :
 But, on mine honour dare I undertake,
 For good lord *Titus*' innocence in all ;
 Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs :
 Then at my suit look graciously on him.
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
 Nor with fowre looks afflict his gentle heart. ———
 My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last, [Aside.
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
 You are but newly planted in your throne ;
 Lest then the people and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey take *Titus*' part,
 And so supplant us for ingratitude
 Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous sin,
 Yield at intreats, and then let me alone ;
 I'll find a day to massacre them all,
 And rase their faction, and their family,
 The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life :
 And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain. ———
 Come, come, sweet Emperor,--- come *Andronicus* ---
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart,
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, *Titus*, rise, my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her ; my lord,
 These words, these looks infuse new life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
 A *Roman* now adopted happily :
 And must advise the Emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus* ;
 And let it be my honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
 For you, prince *Bassianus*, I have past
 My word and promise to the Emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.
 And fear not, lords ; and you *Lavinia*,
 By my advice all humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

16 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tending our sister's honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor we must all be friends.
The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet-heart, look back.

Sat. *Marcus*, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora's* intreats,
I do remit these young men's hainous faults.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a batchelor from the priest.
Come, if the Emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, *Lavinia*, and your friends ;
This day shall be a love-day, *Tamora*.

Tit. To-morrow, and it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *Bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, *Titus*, and gramercy too. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. ROME.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. NOW climbeth *Tamora Olympus' top*,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach ;
As when the golden sun salutes the morn
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills :
So *Tamora*.

Upon her wit doth early honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then *Aaron* arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,

To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
 Has prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains ;
 And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming eyes,
 Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts,
 I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made Emperess.
 To wait upon, said I ? to wanton with
 This Queen, this Goddess, this *Semiramis* ;
 This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,
 And see his shipwrack, and his common-weal's.
 Holla, what storm is this ?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
 And may, for ought thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
 And so in this to bear me down with braves :
 'Tis not the difference of a year or two
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate ;
 I am as able, and as fit as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passion for *Lavinia's* love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs ! these lovers will not keep the
 peace.

Dem. Why boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
 Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends ?
 Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,
 'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay boy, grow ye so brave ? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why now, lords ?

So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw ?
 And maintain such a quarrel openly ?
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
 I would not for a million of gold,

The

The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of *Rome*.
For shame put up.

Dem. Not I, 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
'That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Cbi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward ! thou thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say
Now by the Gods that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all ;
Why lords --- and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right ?
What, is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, justice, or revenge ?
Young lords, beware --- and should the Empress know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Cbi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world,
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some better
choice,

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why are ye mad ! or know ye not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love ?
I tell you lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this devise.

Cbi. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieve her whom I do love :

Aar. To atchieve her --- how !

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange ?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;
She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.
What man ? more water glideth by the mill

Than

Than wots the miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive we know :
Tho' *Bassianus* be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan's* badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality ;
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose ?

Aar. Why then it seems some certain snatch or fo
Would serve your turns.

Cbi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. *Aaron*, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado :
Why, hark ye, hark ye ---- and are you such fools
To † square for this ? would it offend you then —

Cbi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame be friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus'* love ;
A speedier course than lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop :
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany :
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words :
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

† square, signifies to quarrel. vid. *Midf. night's dream*.

Come,

Come, come, our Emprefs with her sacred wit
 To villany and vengeance consecrate,
 We will acquaint with all that we intend,
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square your selves,
 But to your wishes heighth advance you both.
 The Emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
 The woods are ruthles, dreadful, deaf and dull :
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns.

There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heav'ns eye,
 And revel in *Lavinia's* treasury.

Cbi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the stream
 To cool this heat ; a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per Manes uebor.

[*Exeunt.*]

A Forest.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons, with bounds
 and horns, and Marcus.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
 The fields are fragrant and the woods are green :
 Uncouple here and let us make a bay,
 And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouze the prince, and ring a hunter's peal
 That all the court may eccho with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the Emperor's person carefully :
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Wind horns. Here a cry of bounds, and wind horns in a
 peal : then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavi-
 nia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their attendants.*

Tit. Many good-morrows to your majesty,
 Madam, to you as many and as good.
 I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Baf. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no :

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport : madam, now ye shall see
Our *Roman* hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have a horse will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He that had wit, would think that I had
none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany ;
And to repose sweet gold for their unrest
That have their alms out of the Emprefs' chest.

Enter Tamora.

* *Tam.* My lovely *Aaron,* wherefore look'st thou
sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?

' The birds chaunt melody on every bush.

' The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun,

' The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,

' And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :

' Under their sweet shade, *Aaron,* let us sit,

' And whilst the babling echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-run'd horns,

As if a double hunt were heard at once,

Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise :

And

And after conflict such as was suppos'd
 The wandring prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
 We may each wreathed in the other's arms,
 (Our pastimes done) possess a golden slumber,
 Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds
 Be unto us as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, tho' *Venus* govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine :
 What signifies my deadly standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder when she doth uarowl
 To do some fatal execution ?
 No, Madam, these are no venereal signs ;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, *Tamora*, (the Empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee)
 This is the day of doom for *Bassianus* ;
 His *Philomel* must lose her tongue to-day,
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus*' blood.
 Seest thou this letter, take it up I pray thee,
 And give the King this fatal plotted scrowl ;
 Now question me no more, we are espied,
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dread not yet their lives destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet *Moor*, sweeter to me than life.

Aar. No more, great Empress, *Bassianus* comes ;
 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here ? *Rome's* royal Empress !
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops ?
 Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,

To

To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Sawcy controller of our private steps :
Had I the power that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was *Acteon's*, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;
) And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are singled forth to try experiments :
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day,
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Baf. Believe me, Queen, your swarth Cymmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequestred from all your train ?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And being interrupted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love ;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Baf. The King my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign and our gracious
mother,

Why does your highness look so pale and wan ?

* *Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and detested vale you see it is.
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful missesto.
Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,

Unless the nighty owl, or fatal raven.
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body hearing it,
 Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me they would bind me here,
 Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death,
 And then they call'd me foul adulterers,
 Lascivious *Goth*, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed :
 Revenge it as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs Bas.*]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength.

Lav. I come *Semiramis*, nay barbarous *Tamora*,
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her ;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty ;
 And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness ;
 And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp out-live us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure ;
 Come mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman's face——

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, intreat her, hear me but a word—

Dem. Listen, fair Madam, let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting Flints to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O do not teach her wrath, she taught it thee.

The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou had'st thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou intreat her, shew a woman pity.

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove my self a
bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark:

Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster solorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

Oh be to me, tho' thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my father's sake,
(That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee)

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had'st thou in person ne'er offended me,

Even for his sake am I now pitiless:

Remember, boys, I pour'd fourth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:

Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place?

For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;

Poor I was slain when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

O keep me from their worse-than-killing lust,

And tumble me into some lothsome pit,

Where never man's eye may behold my body :
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away. For thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no woman-hood? ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy of our general name;
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth——bring thou
her husband; [*Dragging off Lavinia.*
This is the hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my sons, see that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my Heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all th' *Andronici* be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my spleenful sons this trull desflour. [*Exit.*

Enter Aaron with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathsom pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Marc. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? what subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-grown briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Marc. O brother with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament,

Aar. Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guesse,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit Aaron.*

Marc. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
A killing sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My Heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Marc. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into the den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. *Aaron* is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O tell me how it is! for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. ' Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
' A precious ring that lightens all the hole:
' Which, like a taper in some monument,
' Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
' And shews the ragged intrails of this pit.

So pale did shine the moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

O brother! help me with thy fainting hand
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus*' mitty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Bassianus*' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [Falls in.

Enter the Emperor and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me, I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. Th' unhappy son of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest;

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north-side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the King?

Sat. Here *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor *Bassianus* here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[She gives Saturninus a letter.

Saturninus reads the letter.

*And if we miss to meet him handsomely
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus,
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

Sat. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman cut,
That should have murder'd *Bassianus* here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. *[To Titus.*
Sirs, drag them from the pit into the prison,
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
(Accursed, if the faults be prov'd in them —————)

Sat. If it be prov'd? you see it is apparent.

Who found this letter, *Tamora*, was it you?

Tam. *Andronicus* himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail.

For by my father's reverend tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me:
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers.
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. *Andronicus*, I will intreat the King;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come, stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, her hands
cut off, and her tongue cut out, and raviſh'd.*

Dem. So now go tell (and if thy tongue can speak)
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And (if thy stumps will let thee) play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scrowle.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. If 'twere my case, I should go hang my self.

Dem. If thou had'st hands to help thee knit the cord.

Exeunt.

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word, where is your husband?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep.

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made the body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in?

And might not gain so great a happiness.
 As half thy love ! why dost not speak to me ?
 ‘ Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
 ‘ Like to a bubbling fountain stirr’d with wind,
 ‘ Doth rise and fall between thy rosy lips,
 ‘ Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But sure some *Tereus* hath deflowered thee,
 And lest thou shou’dst detect him, cut thy tongue.
 Ah, now thou turn’st away thy face for shame !
 And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
 (As for a conduit with their issuing spouts,)
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan*’s face,
 Blushing to be encountred with a cloud ———
 Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say, ’tis so ?
 Oh that I knew thy heart ; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopt,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair *Philomela*, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew’d her mind.
 But lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off
 That could have better sew’d than *Philomel*.
 ‘ Oh had the monster seen those lilly hands
 ‘ Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute,
 ‘ And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
 ‘ He would not then have touch’d them for his life.
 ‘ Or had he heard the heav’nly harmony,
 ‘ Which that sweet tongue hath made ;
 ‘ He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
 ‘ As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet’s feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
 For such a fight will blind a father’s eye.
 One hour’s storm will drown the fragrant meads,
 What will whole months of tears thy father’s eyes ?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
 Oh could our mourning ease thy misery ! [Exeunt.

A C T III.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

TITUS.

HEAR me, grave fathers, noble Tribunes, stay,
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept:
 For all my blood in *Rome's* great quarrel shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[Andronicus lieth down, and the judges pass by him.]

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,
 My son's sweet blood will make it shame and blush:
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exe.*
 That shall distil from these two ancient ruins,
 That youthful *April* shall with all her showers;
 In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still,
 In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear son's blood.
 Oh reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
 And let me say (that never wept before)
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh noble father! you lament in vain,
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah *Lucius!* for thy brothers let me plead——
 Grave tribunes, once more I intreat of you——

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.!

Tit. Why 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me: or if they did mark,
They would not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a wilderness of tygers?
Tygers must prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.

Luc. Ah me, this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her;
Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee helpless in thy father's fight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nilus* it disdaineth bounds:
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:

In

In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
 Now all the service I require of them,
 Is that the one will help to cut the other :
 'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
 For hands to do *Rome* service are but vain.

Duc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Mar. O that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
 Sweet various notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Mar. O thus I found her straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide her self, as doth the deer
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tio. It was my deer, and he that wounded her
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead :

‘ For now I stand, as one upon a rock,
 ‘ Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
 ‘ Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 ‘ Expecting ever when some envious surge
 ‘ Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone :

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
 And here my brother weeping at my woes.

But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my soul ———

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madd'd me. What shall I do,
 Now I behold my lively body so ?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee ;

Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.

Look *Marcus*, ah son *Lucius* look on her :

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew,
 Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her
 husband.

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed,
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiss thy lips,
 Or make some signs how I may do thee ease:
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
 And thou and I sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
 How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
 Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? let us that have our tongues
 Plot some devise of further misery,
 To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father cease your tears, for at your grief
 See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece, good *Titus* dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, brother, well I wot
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor-man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark, I understand her signs,
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee.
 His napkin with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. *Titus Andronicus*, my lord the Emperor
 Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
 Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy self, old *Titus*,
 Or any one of you chop off your hand,
 And send it to the King; he for the same
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
 And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit.

Tit. Oh gracious Emperor! oh gentle *Aaron!*
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
 With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor my hand,
 Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
 That hath thrown down so many enemies,
 Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
 My youth can better spare my blood than you,
 And therefore mine shall save my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
 And rear'd aloft the bloody battel-ax,
 Writing destruction on the enemies castle?
 Oh none of both but are of high desert:
 My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death,
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
 For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heav'n it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these
 Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
 Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
 Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will use the ax.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both;
 Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
 And never while I live deceive men so.

But I'll deceive you in another sort,
 And that you'll say ere half an hour pass.

[*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatch:
 Good *Aaron*, give his majesty my hand:
 Tell him, it is a hand that warded him
 From thousand dangers, bid him bury it:
 More hath it merited; that let it have.

Ass

As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easie price,
And yet dear to, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, *Andronicus*, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :
Their heads I mean.—Oh, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thought of it.

[*Aside.*]

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*]

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth ;
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call : What, wilt thou kneel with me ?
Do then, dear heart, for heav'n shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these two extreams.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
'Threatning the welkin with his big-swoln face ?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?
I am the sea, hark how her sighs do blow ;
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my sea be moved with her sigh,
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them ;
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger bringing in two heads and a band.

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor ;
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,

And

And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back ;
 Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mockt :
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
 More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exit,

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
 These miseries are more than may be born !
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
 But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat ;
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kifs is comfortless,
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Mar. Now farewell flattery, die *Andronicus*,
 Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here ;
 Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah now no more will I controul my griefs,
 Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes ;
 Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this
 hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed ;
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears ;
 Then which way shall I find revenge's cave ?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
 And threat me, I shall never come to blifs,
 'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come let me see what task I have to do —
 You heavy people circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,

And

And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made, come, brother, take a head,
 And in this hand the other will I bear ;
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things ;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth ;
 As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
 Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an Army there,
 And if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[Exit:

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel *Andronicus*, my noble father,
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in *Rome* ;
 Farewel, proud *Rome* ; 'till *Lucius* come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life ;
 Farewel *Lavinia*, my noble sister,
 O would thou wert as thou tofore hast been,
 But now not *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs ;
 If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empress
 Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
 Now will I to the *Goths* and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*.

[Exit *Lucius*.*Enter* Titus, Marcus, *Lavinia*, and the Boy.

Tit. So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us,
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot ?
 Thy neice and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
 With folded Arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast,
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.
 Thou map of wo, that thus dost talk in signs,
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still ;

Would.

Wound it with * sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
 May run into the sink, and soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee doat already ?
 Why, *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I ?
 What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands, —
 To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice o'er.
 How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable ?
 O handle not the theam, no talk of hands,
 Lest we remember still that we have none.
 Fie, fie, how frantickly I square my talk,
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands ?
 Come, let's fall to, and gentle girl eat this.
 Here is no drink ; hark, *Marcus*, what she says,
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs,
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows mesh'd upon her cheeks.
 Speechless complaint — O I will learn thy thought.
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heav'n,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire leave these bitter deep laments,
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace tender sapling, thou art made of tears,
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife ?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.

* *singing.*

Tit.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'st my heart,
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
 A deed of death done on the innocent
 Becomes not *Titus'* brother; get thee gone,
 I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. ' But? — how if that fly had a father and mother?

- ' How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
- ' And buz lamenting doings in the air?
- ' Poor harmless fly,
- ' That with his pretty buzzing melody,
- ' Came here to make us merry,
- ' And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me Sir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
 Like to the Empress' *Moor*, therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a charitable deed;
 Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
 Flattering my self, as if it were the *Moor*
 Come hither purposely to poison me.
 There's for thy self, and that's for *Tamora*:
 Yet still I think we are not brought so low,
 But that between us we can kill a fly,
 That comes in likeness of a cole-black *Moor*.

Mar. Alas poor man, grief has so wrought on him,
 He takes false shadows for true substances.
 Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me,
 I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
 Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
 Come, boy, and go with me, thy sight is young,
 And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter Titus, and Marcus.

Boy.

HELP, grandfire, help; my aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good uncle *Marcus*, see how swift she comes:
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome*, she did.

Mar. What means my niece *Lavinia* by these signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, somewhat doth she mean;

See, *Lucius*, see, how much she makes of thee:

Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, *Cornelia* never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and *Tully's* oratory:

Can't thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,

Extremity of grief would make men mad.

And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*

Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth,

Which made me down to throw my books, and flie,

Causeless perhaps; but pardon me, sweet aunt,

And, madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius*, I will.

Tit. How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.

Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.

Exit

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd :
Come and make choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heav'n's
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed .
What book ?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was :
Or else to heav'n she heaves them, for revenge.

Tit. *Lucius*, what book is that she tosses so ?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphoses*,
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! see how busily she turns the leaves !
Help her : what would she find ? *Lavinia*, shall I read ?
This is the tragick tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus'* treason and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see, note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthleis, vast, and gloomy woods ?
See, see ?———

Ay, such a place there is, whexe we did hunt,
(O had we never never hunted there)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the Gods delight in tragedies !

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but
friends,

What *Roman* lord it was durst do the deed ;
Or slunk not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the camp to sin in *Lucrece* bed ?

Mar. Sit down, sweet neice ; brother, sit down by me,
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find.
My lord, look here ; look here *Lavinia*.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it
with his feet and mouth.

This fandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou can'st,

This

This after me, when I have writ my name,
 Without the help of any hand at all.
 Curst be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
 Write thou, good neice, and here display at least,
 What God will have discover'd for revenge;
 Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy sorrows plain,
 That we may know the traitors, and the truth.

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
 with her stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. Oh do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what! — the lustful sons of *Tamora*,
 Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. *Magni Dominator Poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
 There is enough written upon this earth,
 To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
 And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
 My lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,
 And kneel sweet boy, the *Roman Hector's* hope,
 And swear with me, as with the woeful peer
 And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,
 Lord *Junius Brutus* swear for *Lucrece* rape,
 That we will prosecute (by good advice)
 Mortal revenge upon these traitorous *Goths*,
 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, if you knew how.
 But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware,
 The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
 She's with the lion deeply still in league;
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
 And when he sleeps will she do what she list
 You're a young huntsman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
 And come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by; the angry northern-wind
 Will blow these sands like *Sybil's* leaves abroad,
 And where's your lesson then? boy, what say you!

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
 For these bad bond-men to the yolk of *Rome*.

Mar.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For this ungrateful country, done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, and if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armory.

Lucius I'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both.

Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.

Tit. No, boy, not so, I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come; *Marcus,* look to my house;

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court,

Ay, marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. O heav'ns, can you hear a good man groan
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasie,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foe-mens marks upon his batter'd shield,
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.

Revenge the heav'ns for old *Andronicus.*

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door: and at
another door young Lucius and another, with a bundle of
weapons and verses write upon them.*

Chi. *Demetrius,* here's the son of *Lucius*;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from *Andronicus*

And pray the *Roman* Gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy lovely *Lucius,* what's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)

For villians mark'd with rape. May it please you,

My grandfire well advis'd hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armory,

To gratifie your honourable youth,

The hope of *Rome*; for so he bad me say:

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well.

And so I leave you both, like bloody villians.

[*Exit.*]

Dam.

Dem. What's here, a scrole, and written round about ?
Let's see.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Cbi. O'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well :

I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.

Aar. Ay just, a verse in *Horace*—right, you have it—
Now what a thing it is to be an afs ?

Here's no found jest, th' old man hath found their guilt,

And sends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick :

But were our witty Empress well a-foot,

She would applaud *Andronicus*' conceit :

But let her rest in her unrest a while.

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to *Rome* strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height ?

It did me good before the palace-gate

To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord *Demetrius* ?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would we had a thousand *Roman* dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Cbi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother to say Amen.

Cbi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains,

Aar. Pray to the devils, the Gods have given us over.

[*Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trempets flourish thus ?

Cbi. Belike for joy th' Emp'ror hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here ?

Enter Nurse with a Black-a-moor child.

Nur. Good-morrow, lords :

O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moor ?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now ?

Nurf. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore.

Aar. Why what a caterwauling dost thou keep ?

What

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

Nur. O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empress' shame, and stately *Rome's* disgrace.
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom ?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest.

What hath he sent her ?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why then she is the devil's dam : a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of your clime.
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out you whore, is black so base a hue ?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

Dem. Villian, what hast thou done ?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone—
Wo to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the off-spring of so foul a fiend.

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. *Aaron* it must, the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point ;
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother ?

Now by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my cymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatenning band of *Typhon's* brood,
Nor great *Alcides* nor the God of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands ;
What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys,
Ye white lime'd walls, ye alehouse painted signs,

Coal-black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue :
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
 Tell the Empress from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, my self ;
 The vigour and the picture of my youth ;
 This, before all the world do I prefer ;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in *Rome*.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Cbi. *Rome* will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Cbi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears :
 Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart :
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,
 Look how the black slave smiles upon the father ;
 As who should say, old lad I am thine own.
 Her is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,
 And from that womb where you imprison'd were,
 He is enfranchis'd and come to light :
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. *Aaron*, what shall I say unto the Empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
 Save thou the child, so we may be all safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you :
 Keep there : now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why so, brave lords, when we all join in league,
 I am a lamb ; but if you brave the *Moor*,
 The chafed boar, the mountain lions,
 The ocean swells not so as *Aaron* storms :
 But say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur.

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Nur. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my self,
And no one else, but the deliver'd Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and your self——
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :
Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said—— [*He kills her.*
Week, week ; so cries a pig prepar'd to th' spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, *Aaron* ? wherefore didst thou
this ?

Aar. O lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy :
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent :
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my country-man,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emp'r's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own
Hark ye, lords, ye see I have given her physick,
And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Cbi. *Aaron*, I see thou wilt not trust the air with secrets.

Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her self and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*

Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows, and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come kinsmen, this is the way.

Sir boy, now let me see your archery.

Look ye, draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;

Terras Astræa reliquit — be you remember'd, *Marcus* —

She's gone, she's fled — — — — — Sirs, take you to your tools.

You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,

And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the sea,

Yet there's as little justice as at land — — — — —

No *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you must do it,

'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,

And pierce the inmost center of the earth:

Then when you come to *Pluto's* region,

I pray you deliver this petition,

Tell him it is for justice, and for aid;

And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.

Ah *Rome!* — Well, well, I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me,

Go get you gone, and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd,

This wicked emperor may have ship'd her hence,

And kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,

To see thy noble Uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,

By day and night t'attend him carefully:

And feed his humour kindly as we may,

'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war

Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,

And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my masters,

What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:

Marry for justice she is so employ'd,

He thinks with *Jove* in heav'n, or some where else;

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by th' heels.

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big bon'd men, fram'd of th' *Cyclops* size,
But metal, *Marcus*, steel to th' very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicit heav'n, and move the Gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs :
Come to this gear, you're a good archer, *Marcus*.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you——here *ad Apollinem*——

Ad Martem, that's for my self ;

Here boy, to *Pallas*——here to *Mercury*——

To *Saturn* and to *Cælus*——not to *Saturnine*——

You were as good to shoot agninst the wind.

To it, boy, *Marcus*, loose when I bid :

Of my word I have written to effect,

There's not a God left unfollicated.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court,
We will afflict the emperor in his pride. [*They shoot.*]

Tit. Now, masters, draw ; oh well said, *Lucius* ;
Good boy in *Virgo's* lap, give it *Pallas*.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon ;
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done ?
See, see, thou'st shot off one of *Taurus'* horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord, when *Publius*
shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,
'That down fell both the ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the empress' villain :
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor* he should not chuse
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes. God give your lordship joy.

Enter a clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n ; *Marcus*, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?

Shall I have justice, what says, *Jupiter* !

Clow. Who ? the gibbet-maker ? he says that he hath
taken

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taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my life,

Tit. Why villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clow. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heav'n?

Clow. From heav'n? alas! Sir, I never came there,
God forbid I should be so bold to preis into heav'n in
my young days. Why I am going with my pigeons
to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl
betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve
for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the
emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the em-
peror with a grace?

Clow. Nay, truly Sir, I could never say grace in all
my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor.

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold—mean while here's money for thy charges,
Give me a pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clow. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you: and when
you come to him, at the first approach you must
kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pige-
ons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand,
Sir, see you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.

Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant,
And when thou hast given it the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clow. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go. *Publius*, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen
An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty Gods,
(However the disturbers of our peace,
Buz in the peoples ears) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the wilful sons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrows have so over-whelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frensie, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heav'n for his redress,
See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of war:
Sweet scrouls to fly about the streets of *Rome*;
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?
A goodly humour, is it not my lords?
As who would say, in *Rome* no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In *Saturninus*' health, whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus*' age,
Th' affects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest or the best,
For these contempts——Why thus it shall become
High-witted *Tamora* to glose withal:
But *Titus* I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood on't: if *Aaron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

[*Aside.*

Enter

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, would't thou speak with us?

Cl. Yea forsooth, an your Mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clow. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-e'en,

I brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[He reads the letter.]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clow. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, firah, thou must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. *[Exit.]*

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be born? as if his traiterous sons
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'it to make me great,
In hope thy self should govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Nuntius Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, *Æmilius*?

Æmil. Arm, my lords; *Rome* never had more cause;
The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of *Lucius*, son to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in course of his revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths*?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grafs beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach,
'Tis he the common people love so much,
My self hath often heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That *Lucius*' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
E'en so may't thou the giddy men of *Rome*.
Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
'Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his son for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our ambassador, [To *Æmilius*.
Say, that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the art I have,
'To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully and plead to him.

Exit.

ACT V.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with drum and soldiers.

LUCIUS.

APproved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which signify what hate they bear their Emp'ror,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
(Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,)
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'st it:
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

Omni. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank you, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a lusty *Goth*?

Enter a Goth leading Aaron with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I straid
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look?
Villain, thou might'st have been an Emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a cole-black calf;
Peace, villain, peace, (even thus he rates the babe)
For I must bear thee to a trusty *Goth*,

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Who when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth*, this is th' incarnate devil
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-ey'd Slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what deaf? no! not a word?
A halter! soldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

Aar. *Lucius*, save the child,
And bear it from me to the Emperess;
If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous things
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all.

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. And if it please thee? why assure thee, *Lucius*,
Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no God,
That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,

With

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe :
Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath, which by that God he swears,
To that I'll urge him ;—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soe'er it be
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd *Bassianus*,
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st,

Luc. Oh detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

Aar. Why she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ;
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of't.

Luc. Oh barb'rous beastly villains like thy self !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them :
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set ;
That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head ;
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay ;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confed'rate with the Queen and her two sons.
And what not done that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't ?
I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand,
And when I had it, drew my self apart,
And almost broke my heart with extream laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sons heads,
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;

And when I told the Empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What, can't thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

E'en now I curse the day (and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death,
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some innocent, and forswear my self,
Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor mens cattle break their necks,
Set fire on barns, and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friend's doors,
E'en when their sorrow almost was forgot,
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from *Rome*
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.———

Welcome, *Æmilus*, what's the news from *Rome*?

Æmil. Lord *Lucius*, and you princes of the *Goths*,
The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me;

And,

And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our General ?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus,*
And we will come : march away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Tamora, Chiron and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus in these strange and sad habiliments
I will encounter with *Andronicus,*
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs :
Knock at the study, where they say he keeps,
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge ;
Tell him revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and Titus appears above.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect ?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
See here bloody in lines I have set down ;
And what is written, shall be executed.

Tam. *Titus,* I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No not a word : how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord ?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough ;
Witness this wretched slump,
Witness the crimson lines,
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night ;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well :
For our proud Empress, mighty *Tamora* ;
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not *Tamora* ;
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend ;
 I am revenge, sent from th' infernal kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
 Confer with me of murder and of death ;
 There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place,
 No vast obscurity or misty vale,
 Where bloody murder or detested rape
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
 Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee :
 Lo by thy side where rape and murder stands ;
 Now give some surance that thou art revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
 And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes :
 Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves.
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy waggon wheel
 Trot like a servile foot-man all day long ;
 Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the east,
 Until his very downfall in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy rapine and murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

Tam. Rapine and murder ; therefore called so,
 Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the Empress' sons they are,
 And you the Empress ! but we worldly men
 Have miserable mad mistaking eyes :
 O sweet revenge, now do I come to thee,

And

And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Titus from above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,
For now he firmly takes me for revenge ;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for *Lucius*, his son :
And whilst I at banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand.
To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,
Or at the least make them his enemies :
See here he comes, and I must play my them.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ;
Rapine and murder, you are welcome too :
How like the Empress and her sons you are !
Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor* ;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?
For well I wot, the Empress never wags,
But in her company there is a *Moor* ;
And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil :
But welcome, as you are : what shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus* ?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain that has done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of *Rome*,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy self,
Good murder stab him, he's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good rapine stab him, he is a ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's court
There is a Queen attended by a *Moor* ;
Well may't thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee ;
I pray thee do on them some violent death ;

They

62 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lession'd us ; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads tow'rds *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart ;
What says *Andronicus* to this device ?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls :
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy nephew *Lucius* ;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Goths* :
Bid him repair to me ; and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the *Goths* ;
Bid him encamp his Soldiers where they are ;
Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them ;
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you, boys, will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad,
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices :
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farwel, *Andronicus*, revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[*Exit Tamora.*

Tit. I know thou dost, and sweet revenge farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

Tit.

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.

Publius, come hither, *Caius* and *Valentine*.

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye these two?

Pub. The Empress' son

I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceiv'd,

The one is murder, rape is th' other's name;

And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*,

Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them;

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it, therefore bind them sure. [*Exit Titus.*

Chi. Villains, forbear, we are the Empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded

Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.

Is he sure bound? look that ye bind them fast.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a Knife, and Lavinia with a Bason.

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*, look, thy foes are bound;

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

Oh villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,

This goodly summer with your winter mixt:

You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death.

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest,

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear

'Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say if I could let you speak?

Villains! — for shame you could not beg for grace,

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,

Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her stumps doth hold

The bason that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me,

And calls her self Revenge, and thinks me mad —

Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,

And

And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
 For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than *Progne* I will be reveng'd.
 And now prepare your throats, *Lavinia*, come,
 Receive the blood ; and when that they are dead
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish might prove
 More stern and bloody than the *Centaurs* feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*]

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst the mother comes. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths with Aaron Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, since 'tis my father's mind

That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, beset what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil,
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 'Till he be brought unto the Emp'ror's face,
 For testimony of these foul proceedings ;
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong,
 I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave,

[Exeunt Goths with Aaron.]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [Flourish.]

The trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. *Enter Emperor and Empress, with Tribunes
 and others.*

Sar. What, hath the firmament more suns than one ?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thy self a sun ?

Mar. *Rome's* Emperor, and nephew, break the parley ;
 These

These quarrels must be quietly debated ;
 The feast is ready, which the careful *Titus*
 Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
 For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome* :
 Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

Sat. *Marcus*, we will. [Hautboys.]

*A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the
 meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a veil over
 her face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord, welcome dread
 Queen,

Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, welcome *Lucius*,
 And welcome all ; although the cheer be poor,
 'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus* ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
 To entertain your highness, and your emprefs.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus*.

Tit. And if your highness knew my heart, you were.
 My lord the Emperor, resolve me this ;
 Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,
 To slay his daughter with his own right-hand,
 Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflour'd ?

Sat. It was, *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
 And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,
 A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
 For me, most wretched, to perform the like :
 Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
 And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.

[He kills her.]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind ?

Tit. Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.
 I am as woful as *Virginus* was,
 And have a thousand times more cause than he
 To do this outrage. And it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd ? tell, who did the deed ?

Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your highness
 feed ?

Tam.

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their master daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs the Empress.*]

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*He stabs Titus.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed.
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Lucius stabs the Emperor.*]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of *Rome*,
By uprore fever'd, like a flight of fowl,
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let *Rome* herself be bane unto her self,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtise to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on her self.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, *Rome's* dear friend; as erst our ancestor,

[*To Lucius.*]

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick *Dido's* sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle *Greeks* surpriz'd King *Priam's* *Troy*:
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,

Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*

Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother ;

And they it were that ravish'd our sister ;

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,

Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand, that fought *Rome's* quarrel out,

And sent her enemies into the grave.

Lastly, my self unkindly banished,

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,

To beg relief among *Rome's* enemies,

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,

And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend :

And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,

That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I ;

My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just, and full of truth.

But soft, methinks I do digress too much,

Citing my worthless praise : oh pardon me,

For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to speak : behold this child,

Of this was *Tamora* delivered,

The issue of an irreligious *Moor*,

Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;

The villian is alive in *Titus's* house,

And as he is, to witness this is true.

Now judge what cause had *Titus* to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,

Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you *Romans* ?

Have we done ought amiss ? shew us wherein,

And from the place where you behold us now,

The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,

We'll hand in hand all head-long cast us down,

And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,

And make a mutual closure of our house ;

Speaks.

Speak, *Romans*, speak, and if you say you shall,
Lo hand in hand, *Lucius*, and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor : for well I know,
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Mar. *Lucius*, all hail, *Rome's* royal Emperor ;
Go, go into old *Titus's* sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all hail, *Rome's* gracious governor.

Luc. Thanks gentle *Romans* : may I govern so,
To heal *Rome's* harm, and drive away her woe.
But, gentle, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task :
Stand all aloof ; but uncle draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk :
Oh take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face ;
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips :
O were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers ; thy grandfire lov'd thee well ;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee ;
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow :
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy :
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so ;
Friends should associate friends, in grief and woe :
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire ! ev'n with all my heart,
Would I were dead, so you did live again —
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping —
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans with Aaron.

Rom. You sad *Andronici*, have done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him :
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :
If any one relieves or pities him.
For the offence he dies : this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aar. O why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ;
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evil I have done :
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will :
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument :
As for that heinous tygres *Tamora*,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,
And being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning ;
Then afterwards, we'll order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exeunt omnes.]

F I N I S.

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